

The Historie of

O, the Diuell take such coofeners, God forgive me,
Good Vnckle tell your tale, I haue done.

Wor. Nay, if you haue not, to it againe,
We will stay your leisure.

Hot. I haue done yfaith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish Prisoners,
Deliuere them vp without their ranfome straight,
And make the *Dowglas* sonne your onely meane
For powers in *Scotland*, which for diuers reasons
Which I shall send you written bee assur'd,
Will easily be granted you, my Lord.
Your sonne in *Scotland* being thus imployed,
Shall secretly into the bosome creepe
Of that same noble Prelate, wel-belou'd,
The Archbishop.

Hot. Of *Yorke*, is it not?

Wor. True, who beares hard
His brothers death at *Bristow* the Lord *Scroope*:
I speake not this in estimation,
As what I thinke might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set downe,
And onely staies but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it: vpon my life it will doe well.

Nor. Before the game's afoote thou still let'st slip.

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot,
And then the power of *Scotland*, and of *Yorke*,
To ioyne with *Mortimer*, ha.

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In faith it is exceedingly well aynd.

Wor. And tis no little reason bids vs speed,
To saue our heads, by raising of a Head:
For, beare our selues as euen as we can,
The King will alwaies thinke him in our debt,
And thinke we thinke our selues vnsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.
And see already, how he doth begin
To make vs strangers to his lookes of loue.

Henry the Fourth.

Hot. He does, he does; weele be reueng'd on

Wor. Cousin, farewell. No further goe in this.
Then I by Letters shall direct your course
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly:
He iteale to *Glendower*, and loe, *Mortimer*,
Where you and *Dowglas*, and our powers at once
As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,
To beare our fortunes in our owne strong arm
Which now we hold at much vncertaintie.

Nor. Farewell good brother, we shall chriue,

Hot. Vnckle, adue: O let the houres be short
Till Fields, & Blowes, & Grones, applaud our

Enter a Carrier with a Lanterne in his hand.

1. *Car.* Heigh ho, an it be not foure by the day
Charles-waine is ouer the new Chimney, and yet
packt. What *Ostler*?

Ost. Anon, anon.

1. *Car.* I prethee *Tom*, beat Cuts Saddle, put a
the point, poore iade is wrung in the Withers, o

Enter another Carrier.

2. *Car.* Pease and Beanes are as danke heere:
that is the next way to giue poore Iades the Bo
is turned vpside downe since *Robin Ostler* died.

1. *Car.* Poore fellow neuer ioyed since the p
rose, it was the death of him.

2. *Car.* I thinke this to be the most villanous
London road for Fleas, I am stung like a Tench.

1. *Car.* Like a Tench? by the Masse there is
christen, cold be better bit, the I haue bin since

2. *Car.* Why, you will allow vs nere a Iordain
wee leake in your Chimney, and your Chamb
Fleas like a Loach.

1. *Car.* What *Ostler*, come away, & be hang

2. *Car.* I haue a Gammon of Bacon, & two
ger, to be deliuered as farre as *Charing-crosse*.

1. *Car.* Gods body, the Turkies in my panier
ued: what *Ostler*? a plague on thee, hast thou n
thy head? canst not heare, and t'were not as g

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